

## Primitive 271

Chapter 271: I only want a mouthful of soup

"Whoosh!" The sound of rustling leaves as the bone shovel cleared them away while Han Cheng stood nearby, eagerly awaiting the appearance of bamboo shoots.

"Wow!"

After two shovels went down, instead of joy, there was alarm!

A yellow snake, almost half a meter long and as thick as a rolling pin, emerged from the ground. It wasn't fleeing but coiling up, raising its head and spitting out crimson venom, glaring at the people who disturbed its peaceful slumber.

Han Cheng had always been quite afraid of snakes. These cold-blooded creatures made him feel uncomfortable just by looking at them.

The sudden appearance of this snake gave him goosebumps instantly, and he felt the hairs on his body stand on end.

He had been so focused on finding bamboo shoots that he forgot this was the favorite habitat for snakes near the riverbank!

Now, at the end of spring, the snakes had already awakened.

"Swish!"

A bone shovel suddenly appeared, slamming directly onto the snake. This majestic snake was instantly subdued.

Even when the bone shovel pressed it to the ground, and it coiled around the shovel with all its strength, it was still helpless.

The bone shovel soon cut off the snake's head. Eldest Senior Brother retrieved the shovel, and in Han Cheng's admiring gaze, he reached out and pulled the headless snake off, holding it in his hand and excitedly exclaiming to Han Cheng that lunch was sorted.

Watching, Han Cheng took a few steps back.

He realized he was still a pseudo-primitive man who couldn't be as tough as Eldest Senior Brother and the others. Watching them catch two more snakes, Han Cheng's face twitched uncontrollably.

The ground was dug up, revealing fat bamboo shoots that had stored energy for a long time. Unfortunately, before they could explode with astonishing growth, they were dug up, along with the snakes, and became food for the people of the Green Sparrow Tribe.

With several bamboo shoots in his arms, Han Cheng, laden with spoils, left the bamboo forest with Eldest Senior Brother and the others, heading back to where the boats were moored.

Eldest Senior Brother's hand also had a bamboo pole about four centimeters in diameter.

This was chopped down according to Han Cheng's instructions to be used as a boat paddle.

The slender and lightweight bamboo pole was more suitable for paddling than other wooden sticks.

This bamboo pole was chopped off from below after digging through the soil. Without starting from here, it would be difficult for the Green Sparrow Tribe's tools to chop down a complete bamboo pole.

Han Cheng didn't let anyone explore the bamboo forest. Firstly, there were many snakes inside, and even though Eldest Senior Brother and the others were tough, they couldn't withstand snakes with potent venom. If bitten by such a snake, this journey would end tragically.

Secondly, Han Cheng was worried about encountering an animal with formidable strength but insisted on acting cute to make a living.

Despite appearing cute most of the time, this fellow was actually a hidden master.

Pandas, first they're bears, then they're cats. Legend has it that the mount of Chi You, who clashed with the Yellow Emperor, was a panda.

A national treasure. Han Cheng didn't want to mess with it.

The peeled bamboo shoots and snakes were thrown into clay pots to simmer.

After simmering, Eldest Senior Brother first served a bowl to Han Cheng.

Han Cheng was adamantly against eating snake meat, and when he thought of the snake's cold look, he felt even more uncomfortable.

Han Cheng vowed that he would rather starve, even jump off from here, than take a sip of bamboo shoot and snake soup!

But his stomach couldn't help but rumble a bit.

After waiting and seeing Eldest Senior Brother and the others enjoying their meal with unstoppable enthusiasm, Han Cheng's firm resolve began to waver.

"I'll just taste a little bit of the soup."

He said to himself, cautiously bringing the bowl to his lips and taking a sip. Surprisingly, the taste was excellent, bringing out the freshness of the bamboo shoots and the snake meat to the fullest.

"I don't taste the flavor in this sip. I'll try another one..." Han Cheng said to himself.

After finishing the soup, he decided to try some snake meat as well...

So, a bowl of bamboo shoots and snake soup disappeared completely into Han Cheng's stomach.

After finishing one bowl and still unsatisfied, he clamored for another one.

"Delicious!"

With the food gone, Han Cheng smacked his lips, unable to help but exclaim.

He wanted to return to the bamboo forest with Eldest Senior Brother and the others to catch more snakes and continue making soup.

With gentle waves, the oars swaying, the four canoes left where they had stayed overnight plus half a day, slowly drifting downstream.

A green-headed water bird quietly peeked out from the grass, seeing the ferocious unwelcome guests leaving, and couldn't help but open its mouth to cry out in delight...

Han Cheng stood at the boat's bow, using a charcoal pen to mark a black dot on the south side of the intersection of the Red River and the Egret River, labeling it with two characters – Bamboo Forest.

In the coming days, Han Cheng and his companions continued downstream, stopping and disembarking wherever they found suitable spots to explore the vegetation, rocks, and other surroundings.

However, their luck seemed to have run out. Apart from the bamboo forest, they didn't find anything beneficial for the Green Sparrow Tribe.

Today was the sixth day since leaving the tribe. As the river continued to merge, it became wider.

Not far ahead, a water bay appeared before them, where the river became extremely calm, with no visible flow.

Seeing that the sun was already slightly westward and everyone was hungry, they decided to stop the boat and land here to make a fire and cook.

Several fish traps hanging from the stern, half submerged in water, were lifted up. Inside were the fish they had caught but hadn't finished eating.

After the meal, they released the ropes and pushed the small boats away from the shore with poles. Then, armed with weapons and tools, they headed towards the shore to explore the deserted area.

"What's this?"

Just a few steps in, Han Cheng stopped in his tracks, looking at a few green plants in the thicket, his heart filled with anticipation.

Eldest Senior Brother, Third Senior Brother, and Shang noticed Han Cheng's unusual expression and knew he had discovered something. They followed Han Cheng's gaze.

Except for the wild grass, there was nothing special in sight.

Han Cheng took a few quick steps and arrived before a clump of grass almost level with him, carefully examining the large-leaved plants.

The leaves of the plants were somewhat similar to palm leaves but clearly not from the Chinese parasol tree. They had some small thorns on them and some on their bodies, with a slightly purplish color at the roots.

This is...

Wild hemp?!

Chapter 272: Wild Hemp

Wild hemp is a crop that Han Cheng has long been looking for.

Before cotton was introduced and widely promoted, hemp cloth had always been the leader in the fabric industry, the most common material.

As for silk had nothing to do with silkworm farmers; it was a patent of the upper class.

Weaving hemp cloth and making clothes out of it had long been something he had yearned for.

Leather coats sounded high-class and were comfortable to wear in winter, but when the weather turned warm, wearing such clothes would be torture.

But he still had to wear them. After all, he hadn't reached the point of running around naked all day with his belongings.

As the weather warmed day by day, Han Cheng's heart felt heavier and heavier because the days of suffering were approaching again.

Currently, the most likely thing to rescue him and the people of the Green Sparrow tribe from this situation was hemp.

Compared to leather, which would bulge even with a fart, hemp cloth undoubtedly had excellent ventilation.

That's why he felt excited, and his face flushed when he saw something similar to wild hemp.

After a brief excitement, Han Cheng became anxious and troubled again because this plant, similar to wild hemp, had many differences from what he remembered as wild hemp.

To avoid the embarrassment of getting overly excited about nothing, Han Cheng decided to verify these few plants, which resemble wild hemp, in front of him.

But how to verify became a complex problem before him.

Rapeseed and other foods prepared for eating could be tested with rabbits, but not wild hemp, which was used not for eating but for making ropes or weaving cloth.

Encountering something similar to wild hemp but unable to confirm it made Han Cheng very distressed, with his heart hanging in the balance, neither up nor down.

This feeling was similar to that of an old virgin who finally encountered a great opportunity after eight lifetimes, preparing to have a great time but then found out that the beauty in his arms was wearing seamless clothes. He couldn't find a way in.

Eldest Senior Brother, Shang, Third Senior Brother, and others had just seen the Divine Child looking ecstatic about these few plants, and they also became excited and hopeful. They had a profound impression of rapeseed and millet, which grew similarly in the soil.

They thought these few plants, which they hadn't seen before or had seen but hadn't paid attention to, were edible, just like rapeseed and millet.

However, the Divine Child's current behavior left them puzzled.

Liang stepped forward and expressed to Han Cheng that he could taste it.

This person who aspired to be a divine farmer now had the courage and interest to taste almost anything that appeared before him into his mouth, as if it had become a professional habit.

Han Cheng shook his head and refused Liang's proposal. Hemp couldn't be tasted.

This disappointed Liang quite a bit.

After this, Han Cheng suddenly acted. He bent down and grabbed a piece of hemp. With a violent posture reminiscent of Lu Zhishen uprooting willow trees, he pulled out the hemp with its roots.

Eldest Senior Brother and the others looked at each other in surprise. Did the Divine Child lose his patience and go berserk?

Han Cheng's subsequent actions further confirmed their thoughts.

Pulling out this poor plant wasn't enough; he also forcefully snapped it in half.

He held it and vigorously rubbed it if it didn't snap immediately, making Eldest Senior Brother and the others nervous.

On the one hand, they were worried about this plant being ruthlessly destroyed, and on the other hand, they were worried about the Divine Child's violent state.

As his body tightened, followed by a light movement, Han Cheng, kneading the plant similar to hemp to see if there were fibers, was lifted into the air.

"Divine Child... don't!"

His body was tightly gripped, and then the nervous and urgent shout from Eldest Senior Brother came.

Han Cheng, startled by Eldest Senior Brother's sudden action and hadn't reacted to what was going on, had black lines all over his mind.

What was the Divine Child not supposed to do? What nonsense was being shouted?

Some came to comfort the Divine Child, while others pulled out the hemp-like plants and threw them far away to vent the Divine Child's anger. Among them, Liang was even more ruthless, stuffing half of the hemp-like plant directly into his mouth and chewing vigorously.

As he chewed, Liang patted his chest with teeth dyed green by the grass juice, murmuring incoherently to the dumbfounded Divine Child that he had already torn this thing that upset the Divine Child to pieces, so there was no need for the shaman to be angry.

Han Cheng had black lines all over his head. What was going on here?

He just wanted to verify whether this thing was wild hemp or not. Why did these guys react so strongly?

And telling him not to be angry?

Han Cheng wanted to ask where he looked like he was angry?

"I'm fine..." Han Cheng said helplessly.

Then came the probing gazes of Eldest Senior Brother and the others.

"Are you fine? Is it normal for you to treat a poor plant so violently?"

"I'm fine. I just wanted to test whether that thing was useful..."

After a while, Eldest Senior Brother finally understood Han Cheng's intention, and they all looked embarrassed.

"Don't put everything into your mouth in the future!"

Han Cheng angrily kicked Liang, whose tongue was also green.

"Quick, rinse your mouth with water!"

After admonishing Liang, Han Cheng's face was full of smiles again, not because the tribe had Liang, such a fearless guy, but because of the plant in his hand.

The middle of this plant's stem had broken off, but it hadn't split into two pieces.

Because what broke was the 'core' inside, while the outer skin was still intact.

Due to Han Cheng's rubbing, the green skin revealed some white fibers.

At this point, Han Cheng had confirmed entirely that this was undoubtedly hemp!

At this moment, he wanted to look up at the sky and laugh three times to express his joy, but looking at Eldest Senior Brother and the others around him, he thought about it and suppressed the impulse.

Eldest Senior Brother and the others also became cheerful again because they had learned from the Divine Child about the importance of this thing called 'hemp'.

In this area, there were scattered growths of hemp. By autumn, they could come and harvest a batch and bring some hemp seeds back to plant themselves.

While Han Cheng and the others were immersed in the joy of hemp and the clothes made from it, the Bone Tribe people, led by their leader, also left their dwelling and headed towards the Green Sparrow tribe.

There were quite a few people in this group, and with the Bone Tribe leader, there were nearly forty.

Chapter 273: Curiosity kills the cat

This time, the people of the Bone Tribe brought quite a lot of things. In addition to two empty jars prepared to hold salt and the food they wanted to eat, they also brought many hides and furs.

This indicated they were gearing up for trade.

"Darn it!"

Seeing the numerous hides carried by people, the leader of the Bone Tribe suddenly shouted angrily and kicked a woman with bruises on her body.

Upon hearing the leader's angry words, the woman already wore a frightened expression but dared not evade. She staggered back several steps from the force of the kick but managed to stay on her feet.

The hide wrapped around her was torn entirely open during this stumble, exposing her body, which bore more scars than were previously hidden by the hides.

Despite being beaten, she didn't dare move and instinctively shrank her body, looking at the leader of the Bone Tribe with fear, waiting for the next blow.

In these past few days, such encounters had become commonplace for her. Initially, the beatings were even more severe.

"Darn it!"

The leader of the Bone Tribe kicked her twice more until the primitive woman was knocked to the ground before finally leaving her alone and continuing to walk forward.

The others watched all this unfold, but no one intervened to stop the leader from committing violence. Some remained indifferent.

Some even landed a couple of kicks after the leader had left.

Only when no one else came to beat her did the woman finally get up from the ground, wrap the hide around herself again, pick up her weapon, and limp along at the back of the group.

Tears streamed down her face, but she dared not cry out loud because if she did, someone would come and beat her again.

Despite this, she didn't feel her beatings were unjust.

After all, it was her fault for accidentally breaking the large pot used for cooking that they had traded for so much from the tribe. This forced the tribe to go without food when there wasn't much to spare, carrying a large amount of hides to exchange for the pot from the other tribe.

This not only caused the tribe to lose a lot of hides but also wasted time acquiring food, making the tribe's food situation more precarious.

This time, they brought so many people because someone in their tribe had said that sometimes deer herds appeared on the way to the other tribe.

So this time, they not only came to trade but also to try their luck.

If they could encounter that herd of deer, even catching one would provide them food for two days.

Under the sun, the people of the Bone Tribe headed toward the direction of the Green Sparrow Tribe

Han Cheng returned to where the canoe was parked with several young hemp plants, which had not yet fully grown, along with the senior brothers.

He found a two- to three-meter-long wooden stick, tied a large piece of hide to one end, and then profoundly inserted it into the mud by the riverbank.

On the back of this piece of hide, Han Cheng drew an abstract bird with charcoal, the same green bird on their tribe's totem pole.

Drawing the green bird on the hide was a spontaneous joke.

Placing a pole-like object here wasn't to declare that this place now belonged to the Green Sparrow Tribe but rather to make a relatively conspicuous marker so that they wouldn't have trouble finding it when they came to collect hemp in the future.

They untied the ropes and pulled the drifting canoe over. Everyone found the oars hidden in the grass, boarded the boat together, and left this peaceful bay.

On the makeshift map, Han Cheng drew, this place now had a name: "Hemp Bay."

The appearance of hemp improved Han Cheng's mood, and his nervousness about the uncertain future was greatly diluted.

Standing in the boat, he looked around, but all he saw was vast wilderness.

There was no concrete jungle in sight, only lush ancient forests.

Along the way, no tribes were found, and no signs of human habitation were seen.

Despite the swift current, they had traveled quite far in the past few days, covering almost 250 miles of waterway.

Considering the human tendency to settle near water and the fact that this river, which was nearly 200 meters wide, served as a major transportation route, some villages should have been along its banks.

With the terrifying population of future generations, such a situation shouldn't occur, especially in habitable mid-latitude regions.

Looking at the vast wilderness, Han Cheng's mood was complex, filled with joy and sorrow.

The Eldest Senior Brother, who had traveled and slept on the same boat as Han Cheng for many years, didn't share this complex feeling. He rowed the boat downstream.

Large waterfowl flew near the boat, curiously observing these monkeys that could float on water. They weren't afraid because they knew that those wingless creatures on the ground couldn't harm them once they flew into the air.

This applied to this group of monkeys and all creatures that couldn't fly.

With a "clang," the bowstring sounded, and a waterfowl that wanted to get a closer look at these monkeys floating on the water moaned as it fell into the water, flapping aimlessly.

Some of the waterfowl, startled by this turn of events, flapped their wings in panic and flew away. Today's events truly subverted the birds' worldview.

Curiosity not only killed the cat but also the birds.

Amidst the crowd's cheers, Third Senior Brother put down his bow and pulled a wet rope under his foot, dragging the bird that had paid the price for its curiosity back.

This damp rope, tied to the other end of an arrow, was Third Senior Brother's innovation after experiencing the dilemma of quickly losing arrows in such wilderness.

The effect was quite good. Although it slightly affected the accuracy of shooting arrows, the hard-to-make arrows would no longer be lost.



The cabin already had quite a few bird feathers, left by the Third Senior Brother for making arrows later.

After a night of anchorage, the group again went ashore to explore. Their investigation was not limited to vegetation and trees; some rocks were even included in their survey. However, so far, they haven't encountered any valuable minerals.

This stopping point was close to a small hill, with many rocks at the foot of the mountain, but the trees on the mountain were not particularly lush.

Han Cheng and the Eldest Senior Brother went up the mountain together but found nothing useful.

Today's weather was fine, allowing them to see far into the distance. When Han Cheng looked eastward, he saw the same vast wilderness with no signs of human habitation.

It seemed that their place was unlikely to be a primitive human reserve. Even in tropical rainforests, they shouldn't fail to see any modern traces after traveling a long distance along the water.

"Divine Child, let's go back," said the Eldest Senior Brother to Han Cheng.

After being out for so long, everyone was already missing their tribe.

This was the farthest and longest time they had been away from the tribe since birth.

Chapter 274: –Chai Hu

Go back?

Han Cheng looked towards the east and nodded slightly.

It was indeed time to go back.

However, just going back like this felt somewhat unwilling. People, sometimes they're contradictory like that.

"Let's go on for another day, stop tomorrow afternoon, and start heading back the day after tomorrow"

In fact, Eldest Senior Brother and the others wanted to go back now, but since Han Cheng said so, they naturally wouldn't have any objections.

The team's atmosphere was much more relaxed than before. Although they couldn't go back directly now, at least they knew the day they would return to the tribe, giving them something to look forward to.

On the way back from Wangdong Mountain to the riverbank, Han Cheng suddenly squatted down, looking at a plant before him.

Seeing this, Eldest Senior Brother and the others stopped, too, looking at Han Cheng and the plants in front of him with joy on their faces.

They didn't know what this was, but judging from the Divine Child's reaction, they knew it was probably something good.

If they could confirm that these grasses were that kind of thing, it would indeed be a good thing for the Passion Tribe, even calling it a treasure wouldn't be an exaggeration.

The name of this thing is Chaihu.

Han Cheng wasn't sure about Chaihu's specific effects, but one thing he remembered very clearly was that it reduces fever!

In later generations, Chaihu had always been an important medicinal material in Chinese medicine, commonly used to reduce fever. Han Cheng had taken this medicine several times before, so he had a deep impression of It.

Such a medicinal herb naturally had significant importance for the current Green Sparrow Tribe.

The only uncomfortable thing was that he had only seen dried Chaihu before, and Chaihu with tiny yellow flowers.

Now it was late spring, and the difference between the grass in front of him and the Chaihu that grew over a meter high with yellow flowers was too big.

But the leaves looked similar in shape, both resembling bamboo leaves.

He shouldn't have come out at this time. Waiting until the Dragon Boat Festival or autumn to come out, many plants would have grown into shape, making it much easier to identify.

Han Cheng seemed a bit helpless.

After waiting for a while, everyone saw Han Cheng just looking at this patch of grass in thought without saying anything, and they couldn't help but ask.

Han Cheng told them about these things.

Upon hearing Han Cheng say this might be a medicinal herb, everyone's eyes immediately lit up.

For diseases, their previous method was straightforward, which was to endure.

They would continue to live; if they couldn't endure, it was a dead end.

To say it was enduring was actually almost the same as waiting for death.

Only after Han Cheng came here did this situation change to some extent.

People realized that apart from endurance, there were other ways to treat diseases.

At this moment, when they heard that the grasses in front of them could be used to treat diseases, there was no reason not to be happy.

But after Han Cheng couldn't confirm whether this was Chaihu, the enthusiasm in everyone's hearts was dampened a lot.

Scratching their heads, they tried to devise a way to verify this medicine mentioned by the Divine Child.

"Divine Child, let me"

Liang stepped forward, patting his chest to indicate he could taste it.

Han Cheng thought for a moment and shook his head, refusing. To verify whether this thing was Chaihu, simply tasting it wouldn't work.

The best way was to prescribe the right medicine.

Thinking about Liang swimming naked in the still cold water, catching a cold and fever, and then using this suspected Chaihu to make medicine for him to drink, and then seeing Liang looking like he's on death's door, Han Cheng's face couldn't help but twitch.

Using Liang's life to verify the authenticity of this medicine, he would never do such a thing.

He still hoped that a qualified semi-skilled doctor would appear in the tribe.

Seeing the Divine Child shake his head in refusal, Liang became anxious. Ever since Han Cheng brought him into this and made his grand vow, he had become increasingly obsessed, always wanting to find useful medicinal herbs for the tribe.

Privately, he had tasted many plants but hadn't found a single medicinal herb. Instead, he found three types of wild vegetables that the tribe could eat

Now, upon learning from Han Cheng that this thing in front of him might be beneficial for treating diseases, how could he resist?

He didn't care much about the Divine Child's warning that it might be poisonous. He had already tasted so many things and was still alive and well, wasn't he?

After repeatedly requesting Han Cheng's approval without success, Liang secretly picked some elsewhere and stuffed it into his mouth.

It was tender, with plenty of juice, not very bitter, and tasted better than most things he had tasted before.

But whether this was a medicinal herb and whether it could treat diseases, he really couldn't tell

With his mouth full of green grass juice, Liang looked like he was about to cry.

After thinking for a while, Han Cheng suddenly smiled and slapped his forehead twice.

He realized he was getting too caught up in trivial details. Since it was difficult to identify it now, let's wait. When these things grow up, we'll come back and see if they are Chaihu.

With this in mind, he stood up and prepared to leave. He asked Eldest Senior Brother to use the bone shovel he carried to dig some out and took them onto the boat.

To ensure that these suspected Chaihu plants could be planted successfully, he brought a lot of "Mother Earth" when digging.

Some "pig skin jelly" and empty ceramic jars were on the boat, which was suitable for planting these few things.

The four canoes set sail again, leaving here and heading downstream.

Here, tranquility returned, leaving only a crude flag with a Green Sparrow bird, occasionally swaying.

In the Bone Tribe, people lit fires and sat around in a relatively open area, eating food.

With fire at night, wild beasts generally wouldn't dare to come close.

The leader of the Bone Tribe stuffed food into his mouth, but his mood was not very good.

On the one hand, they didn't see the group of deer that the person from their tribe mentioned today, and on the other hand, the food they carried was also considerably reduced.

The pain in his hands made him slightly regain his senses. This was caused by friction when he was drilling wood for fire.

The pain in his hands reminded him of the appearance of the person from that tribe drilling wood for fire. An old man could drill fire, and it seemed easier than himself

With such thoughts, many things about that tribe suddenly came to his mind.

Abundant food, numerous pottery that required their tribe to exchange for many things, delicious salt

Thinking like this, along with envy and admiration, a sense of anger suddenly rose in his heart why could they have so many things? Why did his tribe have to exchange so many things

The orange flames flickered, reflecting the face of the Bone Tribe leader, who appeared somewhat indignant

Chapter 275: Friday?

"Let's go, let's head back," Han Cheng stood on the single log boat, after looking to the east for a while, he spoke to the Eldest Senior Brother.

"What?" The Eldest Senior Brother was stunned, looking at the sun hanging in the sky, which hadn't reached the due south yet. Thinking he might have misheard, he asked in response.

Didn't the Divine Child say we should wait until tonight and start heading back tomorrow? Why the sudden change of heart now?

"Let's go back," Han Cheng repeated without turning around.

"Turn around, let's go back!" The Eldest Senior Brother, now sure of the message, shouted excitedly to the others.

Although they didn't know why the Divine Child suddenly changed his mind, being able to return early was a happy event for this group of people who were eager to go back.

Upon hearing this good news, everyone quickly turned the boats around on the water surface and headed upstream.

Han Cheng waved goodbye to the East and the imagined modern civilization.

The immediate reason for Han Cheng's sudden decision was a tiger roar.

The roar didn't scare him, but it reminded him of the two saber-toothed tigers he had seen in the woods when searching for Fu Jiang.

Saber-toothed tigers were long extinct, and there were no traces of them in the future.

Realizing this suddenly, he decided, after a moment of silence, to have the Eldest Senior Brother and the others return.

There was no need to explore the road ahead anymore.

The presence of saber-toothed tigers, a species long supposed to be extinct, meant that this couldn't be a civilized society.

I should have thought of this earlier!

Feeling relieved and somewhat lost, Han Cheng gently tapped his forehead, feeling remorseful.

Four small boats went upstream, and the journey, named "search for useful species" to verify whether the outside world was civilized, ended here.

The sound of water gently accompanied the cheerful people heading towards where they came from.

"Stop!"

Han Cheng suddenly spoke up.

Everyone was puzzled. What's wrong with the Divine Child today? He just said we should go. Why suddenly stop?

"Look there!"

Han Cheng pointed to a place on the south bank downstream of the river, telling everyone.

While the Eldest Senior Brother and the others faced upstream when they heard about returning, Han Cheng was the only one looking downstream.

Now, hearing what Han Cheng said, they all followed his gaze. Under the blue sky, a pillar of smoke was rising and swaying.

Smoke meant there were people.

They hadn't encountered anyone on their way here, so naturally, seeing someone now was unusual.

"Should we go check it out?"

The smoking place wasn't far from here. Although they wanted to return quickly, they were also curious about the sudden appearance of the smoke. Moreover, it wasn't too far away, so after considering for a while, they turned the boats around again and headed downstream to see what was happening.

It would be even better if they could get some information about the surroundings from them.

Going downstream was naturally faster, and they arrived at the location before long.

They chose a suitable place to moor the boat and went ashore.

Following the previous practice, after tying the boat here, they pushed it away from the shore with a pole, hiding the oars and poles in the bushes.

Armed with weapons, they surrounded Han Cheng in the middle and headed towards the dwindling smoke.

Treading on dry grass, they proceeded through the thick weeds.

"They're there!"

After walking for a while, approaching where the smoke was rising, the leading Eldest Senior Brother suddenly stopped, looking somewhat surprised.

Han Cheng was short, surrounded by others in the middle, so he couldn't see what was happening there. Seeing the Eldest Senior Brother and others reacting like this, he didn't know what they had seen. He was feeling anxious, he asked.

The Eldest Senior Brother hesitated momentarily, then lifted Han Cheng onto his shoulders, giving him a more precise view ahead.

Not too far away, a large fire was burning, surrounded by a group of primitive people gathered around animal skins. There were about ten of them, big and small.

Isn't it normal for primitive people to light fires? Although their behavior around the fire seemed strange, the Eldest Senior Brother and the others shouldn't be so surprised.

Han Cheng thought to himself, but his attention was soon drawn to the actions of several muscular individuals.

They moved away from the fire, then returned, bending down to pick something up after a while. It wasn't empty-handed; they were carrying a person.

Could it be that someone died in the tribe, and they're conducting a burial ceremony?

As Han Cheng observed this scene, he chuckled. It was similar to the customs of later generations.

However, just as the idea of a burial ceremony crossed his mind, what happened next immediately dispelled it.

As the person being carried, whom Han Cheng initially thought was a corpse, approached the fire, they suddenly feigned death and started struggling violently.

When they got closer to the fire, they broke free from the two people carrying them and stumbled away, running for their lives in the direction where Han Cheng and the others were located.

The person didn't get far before being subdued and dragged back.

Han Cheng saw some others using stones or spear-like objects to beat the person who cried out in agony.

What are they doing? Sacrificing a living person?

Watching this extremely primitive and bloody scene, Han Cheng's face turned pale, suppressing the discomfort in his heart.

However, before he could speculate further, the people from the tribe there had already noticed their presence and looked over with some alertness.

Some of them had raised their weapons, and there were incomprehensible shouts, obviously questioning them.

This didn't seem like a very friendly tribe.

The Eldest Senior Brother and the others also noticed the change on the opposite side. They quickly put Han Cheng down, took the rattan shields from their backs, and stood before him, shielding him.

Four others also grabbed shields while the rest took out their weapons.

Following their training, the five holding shields formed a protective wall at the front while the remaining seven with long spears stood behind them.

On the left, Third Senior Brother, with two archers, had already taken out their bows and arrows. On the right, two others with slingshots had loaded stones into them.

Among the nineteen people on this expedition, apart from Han Cheng and Liang, the novice doctor who hadn't fully trained yet, the other seventeen were regular participants in the training.

The Eldest Senior Brother, Shang, and the Third Senior Brother were the leaders of their respective teams.

The rattan shield and extended spear teams didn't play a significant role in defensive battles relying on fortifications, but their most effective use was in the wilderness. That's why there were the most members from these teams among the people Han Cheng brought along, a total of twelve.

Slingshots and bows were best for defense.

Especially slingshots, which made too much noise and had higher environmental requirements, such as requiring a relatively open area. That's why Han Cheng only brought two slingshot members and three archer members this time.

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"Let's go back," Han Cheng repeated without turning around.

"Turn around, let's go back!" The Eldest Senior Brother, now sure of the message, shouted excitedly to the others.

Although they didn't know why the Divine Child suddenly changed his mind, being able to return early was a happy event for this group of people who were eager to go back.

Upon hearing this good news, everyone quickly turned the boats around on the water surface and headed upstream.

Han Cheng waved goodbye to the East and the imagined modern civilization.

The immediate reason for Han Cheng's sudden decision was a tiger roar.

The roar didn't scare him, but it reminded him of the two saber-toothed tigers he had seen in the woods when searching for Fu Jiang.

Saber-toothed tigers were long extinct, and there were no traces of them in the future.

Realizing this suddenly, he decided, after a moment of silence, to have the Eldest Senior Brother and the others return.

There was no need to explore the road ahead anymore.

The presence of saber-toothed tigers, a species long supposed to be extinct, meant that this couldn't be a civilized society.

I should have thought of this earlier!

Feeling relieved and somewhat lost, Han Cheng gently tapped his forehead, feeling remorseful.

Four small boats went upstream, and the journey, named "search for useful species" to verify whether the outside world was civilized, ended here.

The sound of water gently accompanied the cheerful people heading towards where they came from.

"Stop!"

Han Cheng suddenly spoke up.

Everyone was puzzled. What's wrong with the Divine Child today? He just said we should go. Why suddenly stop?

"Look there!"

Han Cheng pointed to a place on the south bank downstream of the river, telling everyone.

While the Eldest Senior Brother and the others faced upstream when they heard about returning, Han Cheng was the only one looking downstream.

Now, hearing what Han Cheng said, they all followed his gaze. Under the blue sky, a pillar of smoke was rising and swaying.

Smoke meant there were people.

They hadn't encountered anyone on their way here, so naturally, seeing someone now was unusual.

"Should we go check it out?"

The smoking place wasn't far from here. Although they wanted to return quickly, they were also curious about the sudden appearance of the smoke. Moreover, it wasn't too far away, so after considering for a while, they turned the boats around again and headed downstream to see what was happening.

It would be even better if they could get some information about the surroundings from them.

Going downstream was naturally faster, and they arrived at the location before long.

They chose a suitable place to moor the boat and went ashore.

Following the previous practice, after tying the boat here, they pushed it away from the shore with a pole, hiding the oars and poles in the bushes.



Armed with weapons, they surrounded Han Cheng in the middle and headed towards the dwindling smoke.

Treading on dry grass, they proceeded through the thick weeds.

"They're there!"

After walking for a while, approaching where the smoke was rising, the leading Eldest Senior Brother suddenly stopped, looking somewhat surprised.

Han Cheng was short, surrounded by others in the middle, so he couldn't see what was happening there. Seeing the Eldest Senior Brother and others reacting like this, he didn't know what they had seen. He was feeling anxious, he asked.

The Eldest Senior Brother hesitated momentarily, then lifted Han Cheng onto his shoulders, giving him a more precise view ahead.

Not too far away, a large fire was burning, surrounded by a group of primitive people gathered around animal skins. There were about ten of them, big and small.

Isn't it normal for primitive people to light fires? Although their behavior around the fire seemed strange, the Eldest Senior Brother and the others shouldn't be so surprised.

Han Cheng thought to himself, but his attention was soon drawn to the actions of several muscular individuals.

They moved away from the fire, then returned, bending down to pick something up after a while. It wasn't empty-handed; they were carrying a person.

Could it be that someone died in the tribe, and they're conducting a burial ceremony?

As Han Cheng observed this scene, he chuckled. It was similar to the customs of later generations.

However, just as the idea of a burial ceremony crossed his mind, what happened next immediately dispelled it.

As the person being carried, whom Han Cheng initially thought was a corpse, approached the fire, they suddenly feigned death and started struggling violently.

When they got closer to the fire, they broke free from the two people carrying them and stumbled away, running for their lives in the direction where Han Cheng and the others were located.

The person didn't get far before being subdued and dragged back.

Han Cheng saw some others using stones or spear-like objects to beat the person who cried out in agony.

What are they doing? Sacrificing a living person?

Watching this extremely primitive and bloody scene, Han Cheng's face turned pale, suppressing the discomfort in his heart.

However, before he could speculate further, the people from the tribe there had already noticed their presence and looked over with some alertness.

Some of them had raised their weapons, and there were incomprehensible shouts, obviously questioning them.

This didn't seem like a very friendly tribe.

The Eldest Senior Brother and the others also noticed the change on the opposite side. They quickly put Han Cheng down, took the rattan shields from their backs, and stood before him, shielding him.

Four others also grabbed shields while the rest took out their weapons.

Following their training, the five holding shields formed a protective wall at the front while the remaining seven with long spears stood behind them.

On the left, Third Senior Brother, with two archers, had already taken out their bows and arrows. On the right, two others with slingshots had loaded stones into them.

Among the nineteen people on this expedition, apart from Han Cheng and Liang, the novice doctor who hadn't fully trained yet, the other seventeen were regular participants in the training.

The Eldest Senior Brother, Shang, and the Third Senior Brother were the leaders of their respective teams.

The rattan shield and extended spear teams didn't play a significant role in defensive battles relying on fortifications, but their most effective use was in the wilderness. That's why there were the most members from these teams among the people Han Cheng brought along, a total of twelve.

Slingshots and bows were best for defense.

Especially slingshots, which made too much noise and had higher environmental requirements, such as requiring a relatively open area. That's why Han Cheng only brought two slingshot members and three archer members this time.

#### Chapter 276: Unspeakable matters

The previous months of continuous training proved effective. Although the people were somewhat panicked when faced with danger, they didn't lose their composure and followed the training they had received before.

Han Cheng, who had been put down, couldn't see the situation over there. However, he cautioned Third Senior Brother and the others not to act recklessly.

It wasn't that he was afraid of trouble, but rather to avoid unnecessary casualties in their tribe.

The tribe appeared somewhat eerie, with about ten people of various ages gathered around the bonfire, including roughly fifty adults. Although the people from the Green Sparrow Tribe were armed and had received some training, under such circumstances, it would be extremely difficult to harm only the enemy without harming themselves.

This was one aspect. On the other hand, except for cases where there were blood feuds or significant conflicts of interest, tribes generally wouldn't engage in conflicts when they encountered each other.

No tribe wanted bloodshed and death to occur.

A relatively old person stood by the bonfire, out of Han Cheng's sight. Under these unexpected circumstances, he said some mumbling words, and suddenly, the person who had escaped but was caught back was struck heavily on the head with a stone.

The one who struck this person seemed like a leader or a shaman.

Dark red blood trickled down the head of the person who was hit, and he rolled his eyes and passed out.

This person repeated something, and the people around him picked up the unconscious person and threw him into the blazing fire.

However, there was no fanaticism in their eyes, only deep sorrow.

Especially when the person who had been knocked unconscious woke up in the fire, rolled around in agony, and let out a miserable howl, their grief became even more profound, and some even shed tears.

Someone spoke up and pointed to a place not far away, where another person curled up on the ground, trembling.

The leader-like person shook his head, pointed toward Han Cheng and the others, and said something. Afterward, about a dozen people picked up their weapons and headed toward Han Cheng's group.

"They're coming!"

The Eldest Senior Brother reported the situation to Han Cheng, the short one.

The Green Sparrow Tribe's people tensed up, preparing for battle.

Han Cheng hadn't seen the scene where the person was knocked unconscious and thrown into the fire, but they all had.

The beast-like roar the person in despair emitted was loud enough for everyone here to hear.

In such an atmosphere, facing armed people walking towards them, it would be strange if they weren't nervous and highly vigilant.

Third Senior Brother really wanted to draw his bow, but he remembered the instructions from the Divine Child and could only endure it.

The group that approached stopped about fifty meters from Han Cheng and the others. One of them, who seemed to be the leader, handed his weapon to another person beside him and spoke while gesturing, asking questions to this group of unwelcome guests.

Fifty meters away was already a safe distance, in their view. Therefore, this person dared hand over his weapon to someone else.

Another reason was that he had already seen the strange weapons held by these unexpected guests: curved wooden sticks, soft ropes, and large objects that could shield half of their bodies.

Although he hadn't seen them before, he could sense that these were not very effective weapons, not as effective as the stones and stone spears they carried, which could be thrown far.

Those long, spear-like things looked intimidating, but as long as they were not close, there would be no problem.

This tribe was bizarre, carrying such weapons and still daring to wander around, thought the primitive man asking questions.

"He asks, why have you come here."

After repeating and gesturing three times, the Eldest Senior Brother, who interacted most with outsiders, roughly understood what the man meant and translated to Han Cheng.

Indeed, although the other party's behavior didn't seem friendly, they were also not likely to engage in conflict easily.

The Eldest Senior Brother put down his rattan shield at Han Cheng's command.

"Here, come..."

The Eldest Senior Brother said, pointing to the back while indicating the direction of the smoke column.

The other side understood the Eldest Senior Brother's meaning and ran to speak to the person watching them not far from the bonfire.

At the same time, they mentioned that the Green Sparrow Tribe had few people, weak weapons, and posed little threat.

The leader-like person waited for a while and then said something before leaving to negotiate with Han Cheng and the others.

"Do they want us to leave? Is someone dead?"

Han Cheng wondered, feeling puzzled, interpreting the words translated by the Eldest Senior Brother.

The Eldest Senior Brother had already told him what had happened at the bonfire that he hadn't seen.

Wasn't the person who died the one they had knocked unconscious and burned alive?

Why did it seem like there was some sadness now?

Could it be that the deceased person wasn't a captive from elsewhere or someone who had committed a severe offense in the tribe?

These people weren't eating human flesh or conducting some ritual sacrifice, were they?

Han Cheng was very puzzled.

After thinking, he told the Eldest Senior Brother, "Ask them if they have any difficulties. If possible, we can help them."

The Eldest Senior Brother didn't understand why the Divine Child would do this. This tribe didn't seem friendly, and it was their first encounter. How could they...

Two unreliable translators conveyed Han Cheng's intention to the leader-like person.

From his reaction, it seemed that there was no misunderstanding.

After understanding Han Cheng's intention, his eyes lit up, and he looked at the underage person curled up, then shook his head with sorrow.

This matter couldn't be resolved.

Even so, he had already felt the goodwill conveyed by Han Cheng.

It let him know that they came from a benevolent tribe, not an evil one.

Because evil tribes wouldn't offer help to other tribes.

The leader-like person hesitated about something.

According to the rules passed down to them, when encountering people from other tribes, once it was confirmed that the other party was not an evil tribe, they should meet.

And then both sides had to do some things that were not describable.

They didn't know why they had to do this because it had been passed down for a long time.

If it were in the past, he would have personally invited this tribe, but today... Something terrible happened in the tribe, and he wasn't in the mood for it.

"Let them leave."

He wanted to say these words, but when it came to his lips, he swallowed them back because their tribe hadn't encountered other tribes for a long time.

Chapter 277: The first time seeing someone confidently and boldly says he is short

"Sleep?"

Han Cheng understood the other party's meaning this time without requiring his Eldest Senior Brother to translate.

Because he saw the person coming over for negotiation dozens of meters away, forming a circle with one hand while the other hand, except for the middle finger, curled up all the other fingers.

Then, in full view of everyone, he repeatedly inserted his middle finger into the circle formed by the other hand.

After gesturing like this for a while, perhaps worried that Han Cheng and the others didn't understand the meaning, this guy stopped and lifted the animal hide covering him, pointing between his legs, then repeated that seemingly obscene gesture with his hands.

Han Cheng widened his eyes. He had already witnessed the openness of primitive people before, but today's encounter once again refreshed his understanding.

When two tribes meet for the first time and engage in such stimulating activities, it's pretty straightforward indeed.

Thinking like this, he recalled some things.

In the future, there were still many places where guests were entertained using wives and daughters. The primary purpose was to prevent inbreeding.

Han Cheng had once fantasized about being a guest in such a situation, but he didn't expect to encounter it today in this primitive era.

From the perspective of this era, this kind of thing is understandable. After all, there are only so many people in each tribe. Without taking such measures, it would be tough to survive for long.

For example, the Green Sparrow Tribe and the surrounding tribes hold a joyous celebration every other year.

However, this tribe probably didn't have such regularly scheduled joyous celebrations, so they adopted the current method.

After conveying this meaning, the people there relaxed, and Han Cheng and the others put away their weapons.

"Do we want to go over?" Han Cheng asked his Eldest Senior Brother and the others.

This was a rhetorical question because even before he could speak, his Eldest Senior Brother and the others, who also understood the other party's intentions, had become somewhat restless.

The food in the Green Sparrow Tribe was excellent, especially with salt to eat. The energy of the people was relatively high.

It had been more than ten days since they left the tribe, and these guys had stored up enough energy. Hearing about such a thing at this time naturally stirred up some excitement.

So, Han Cheng followed his Eldest Senior Brother and the others who accepted the invitation and went over.

This time, there were an equal number of men and women among the nineteen people from the Green Sparrow Tribe, besides Han Cheng.

Primitive people are straightforward in their actions, without much beating around the bush. This direct approach also left Han Cheng speechless.

After the two sides gathered together and confirmed the people they were interested in, they removed their animal hides and went straight to the point.

There was no lingering foreplay at all.

For a moment, an adult-rated movie played out right before Han Cheng.

Han Cheng remained calm, watching everything openly and without any heartbeat racing. He couldn't help but marvel inwardly.

He had thought that after coming to the primitive era, he would be insulated from such things, but he didn't expect the video to be watched, so they just switched to the live version...

The adult male from the tribe Han Cheng, named the Fire Tribe, like Yun Fei, was also known for his speed. He finished in no time.

Looking at Eldest Senior Brother and the others still in action, feeling quite proud, Han Cheng thought that this strange-looking tribe was not only inferior to them in terms of numbers and weapons but also far behind in this regard.

They had already been at it for quite some time but still hadn't finished.

What if a wild beast came by during this long time?

Han Cheng didn't know their thoughts, but he would give them a thumbs up for their audacity if he did.

It was his first time encountering someone so confidently unconventional in short stories.

Han Cheng gestured his height to a female primitive standing before him, shook his head vigorously, and then pointed to where things just happened. The female primitive hesitated for a moment before walking away disappointed.

Han Cheng discreetly wiped the sweat from his forehead.

Could they please not be so brutal? I'm still just a kid, okay?

After escaping this crisis, Han Cheng tactfully moved aside, distancing himself from this battlefield to avoid being accidentally injured.

As his gaze wandered around, he saw a trembling adolescent huddled nearby.

He should also be destined to be thrown into the fire and burned alive.

Han Cheng recalled the recent events that happened here.

For his safety, he didn't approach the adolescent immediately, wanting to understand what was happening but not willing to risk his life for it.

After a round of activities, this unique welcome ceremony finally ended.

With the deep interaction just now, the relationship between the two sides had grown closer.

After a brief rest, Han Cheng asked them, through his Eldest Senior Brother, what had happened in their tribe. Why were they throwing live people into the fire?

Upon hearing Han Cheng's inquiry about this matter, the atmosphere in the Fire Tribe, which had just eased a bit, immediately fell into sorrow.

The leader of the Fire Tribe seemed somewhat melancholic, speaking and gesturing to Han Cheng's group to tell them about the misfortune in their tribe.

After a while, Han Cheng finally understood what was going on.

These people weren't sacrificing, and the person burned alive in the fire wasn't a captive from another tribe; they were members of their tribe.

The reason they were pushed into the fire and burned alive was that they were sick.

If someone contracted this disease, they had to be burned alive, or else more people would get sick. This was a tradition passed down in their tribe...

Han Cheng's heart sank after learning this news from his Eldest Senior Brother. He thought, damn it, this could spell trouble.

This unknown disease was regarded as a ferocious beast by the people of this tribe, yet they still approached it in such a nonchalant manner...

Damn it, if you're sick, just say so earlier! Now that everything has happened, it's too late for regrets!

Isn't this intentionally harming people?!

Back in the future, some idiot decided to experiment on gorillas, causing HIV, which was not initially spread among humans, to become a plague...

Now, would the Green Sparrow Tribe also pay a painful price for this momentary pleasure?

Han Cheng's face turned pale.

"Ask them what disease they have!" Han Cheng said to his Eldest Senior Brother with an unpleasant expression.

His Eldest Senior Brother didn't understand why Han Cheng suddenly changed like this.

The sick person had already been burned alive, and those left were not sick. Why was the Divine Child reacting so strongly?

His Eldest Senior Brother relayed Han Cheng's words to the other side, and the reply was, they didn't know what disease it was...

Chapter 278: Sick must be burned

Han Cheng's expression became even more grim.

At this moment, reminded by Han Cheng, the Fire Tribe remembered that one sick person had yet to be dealt with.

After the leader of the Fire Tribe said something, someone walked towards a spot not too far from the fire pit.

There, a young person Han Cheng had already noticed was curled up.

The young person had been paying attention to the situation here all along. When he saw someone approaching him, he already knew what would happen to him.

He struggled to retreat backward while curling up on the ground, mumbling in extreme panic.

It was evident that he was much sicker than the previous person, although his panicked cries weren't too loud.

Although sadness was evident on his face, the adult who went to grab him didn't hesitate at all when he started. He grabbed his limbs and lifted him directly.

Although he struggled, how could he break free when he was sick, weak, and underage?

Amid his struggle, he was carried towards the fire pit.

"Stop!"

Han Cheng suddenly shouted, startling everyone around.

The leader of the Fire Tribe frowned. He was a relatively intelligent person, and from the various performances before, he could see the extraordinary nature of this young person.



It wasn't because Han Cheng, as a time traveler, brought with him an aura of ridicule and astonishment that others could feel his extraordinariness at first sight. It was the attitude of the Eldest Senior Brother and the others towards Han Cheng, treating him with more respect than they did to the leader.

He couldn't understand what Han Cheng said, but he didn't ignore it. He asked Han Cheng through gestures what his actions meant.

Han Cheng naturally couldn't understand his words but could understand his meaning. It was nothing more than asking about the meaning of his actions.

"Make them stop!"

Han Cheng said to his bewildered Eldest Senior Brother.

Although Eldest Senior Brother was puzzled by the sudden seriousness on the Divine Child's face, he quickly conveyed Han Cheng's words.

"Why, Divine Child?"

After conveying the message, Eldest Senior Brother asked in confusion.

In his view, the sick and those about to be burned to death were from other tribes, so there was no need for them to stop.

Han Cheng sniffed.

Why?

Isn't it just to know what disease is considered a ferocious beast by their tribe? To see if it could have a disastrous impact on you?

The leader of the Fire Tribe didn't know why the other party wanted them to stop.

Isn't it only natural to burn the sick to death?

But after thinking about it, he still stopped as told.

Seeing the other party stop, Han Cheng breathed a sigh of relief.

If the people of this tribe insisted on throwing the last sick person into the fire pit regardless, then things would be troublesome.

He couldn't settle down during this period, not for the sake of this tribe but for the sake of his Eldest Senior Brother and the others.

Thinking like this, Han Cheng had his Eldest Senior Brother convey his desire to see the sick person's condition.

Eldest Senior Brother, who had been indifferent before, was somewhat nervous. He was reluctant to let Han Cheng see the sick and ominous person.

In his view, the people he had interacted with from the Fire Tribe before were all healthy, naturally free from taboos, and nothing to worry about.

But this person about to be burned to death was different. He had contracted a disease that could be transmitted to others...

After understanding the Eldest Senior Brother's meaning, Han Cheng smiled.

After telling Eldest Senior Brother not to worry, Han Cheng approached the cowering young person.

Eldest Senior Brother, Shang, and the others wanted to follow, but Han Cheng resolutely stopped them.

Back in the modern world, he had received various vaccinations. Although he had become smaller, these things shouldn't have changed. Many infectious pathogens that could cause catastrophic diseases at this time were not enough to threaten him. Compared to Eldest Senior Brother and the others, his resistance was much more robust, and coupled with his broader knowledge, it was natural for him to handle this matter by himself without dragging Eldest Senior Brother and the others into risks.

Of course, while he might think like this, it was still essential to be cautious. After all, life was precious, and there were too many variables in this world.

Whether this child was scared out of his wits or weakened by illness, he was placed not too far from the fire pit. He couldn't do anything else besides trembling in fear on the ground.

When Han Cheng approached, the child's eyes were filled with fear, thinking that Han Cheng would push him into the fire pit.

Han Cheng frowned slightly as he looked at the child.

The child was young; judging from his size, he was not as tall as Han Cheng. Perhaps due to illness, he looked skinny.

Wrapped in dirty animal skins whose original color couldn't be distinguished, his hair was like dry straw scattered haphazardly on his head. He looked dirty all over and emitted an indescribable strange smell.

Han Cheng squatted down, reached out a hand, and covered the child's forehead despite his fearful but not too intense avoidance.

As soon as he touched it, Han Cheng felt a somewhat scalding temperature.

This child was seriously ill. With such a temperature, he could almost roast sweet potatoes!

Thinking like this, Han Cheng lifted the frightened child's eyelids and opened his mouth to examine him.

After releasing the young primitive, Han Cheng pondered on the side.

This disease could be contagious. The person with the disease had a high fever, and their tongue coating was white. It looked like influenza.

The young primitive, seeing that Han Cheng had only done such inexplicable things to him without throwing him into the fire pit, was less scared.

As Han Cheng contemplated, everyone else watched him.

Seeing that Han Cheng had looked but remained silent, the leader of the Fire Tribe instructed someone to throw the young primitive into the fire pit again.

The sick cannot be kept for too long; this was the knowledge he inherited.

Although he felt reluctant to burn his own people, he had to act this way for the sake of the tribe.

When the young primitive was about to be thrown into the fire pit again, he was again placed down.

Eldest Senior Brother and the others looked at Han Cheng anxiously, almost jumping with worry.

The leader of the Fire Tribe, who understood Han Cheng's intentions, and others from various Fire Tribes looked at the young leader with extreme confusion and incomprehension.

They thought it was not easy for this tribe to survive under the leadership of such an inexperienced and unwise young leader. Their own tribe had no choice but to burn sick people to death, yet he actually wanted to take them away. It was truly incomprehensible...

#### Chapter 279 – Reminiscence of the Women of the Fire Tribe

For taking away this underage person, Han Cheng didn't act on a whim or out of sudden kindness; he had his considerations.

The child was indeed sick, but based on Han Cheng's previous experience with frequent colds, it didn't seem like a severe illness. However, at this time, if such a cold wasn't taken seriously, it could indeed be fatal and even lead to the tribe's extinction.

Although the Fire Tribe's methods were somewhat cruel, it was the most correct approach given the circumstances. However, without medicine, resorting to burning alive was excessively cruel.

Han Cheng wanted to take the underage person away because of what he had discovered yesterday, the suspected Chaihu herb. He originally planned to wait until autumn to confirm whether it was Chaihu by observing its flowering. However, the appearance of this feverish underage person changed his mind.

The best way to determine the effectiveness of a medicine is through clinical trials. This feverish, underage, primitive person would be the perfect test subject. If the medicine worked, he would save a life, and the tribe would gain another person who would become an adult in a few years. Most importantly, obtaining a life-saving remedy would be invaluable for the tribe.

If the medicine didn't work, the underage person would still have a couple more days to live without the need for the cruel method of burning alive. Moreover, since it would be a stranger who died, there might be some discomfort but not excessive grief.

While this idea might seem cold, reality is often just that cruel. For now, Eldest Senior Brother and the others couldn't be explained to, so they were unaware.

Han Cheng felt that the Fire Tribe had no reason to refuse him. After all, leaving this underage person here would mean certain death, whereas letting him leave might offer some hope.

That's how Han Cheng thought, but many times, things don't go as planned. In his certainty, the head of the Fire Tribe shook his head.

The head of the Fire Tribe was relatively kind and didn't want to see this tribe, already appearing strange and weak, led to its demise by this underage person.

This illness, something strange to their tribe, was something they had no experience with. Their tribe had suffered painful lessons before...

Seeing the head of the Fire Tribe shake his head, Han Cheng was surprised, but Eldest Senior Brother and the others appeared extremely happy, relieved that a huge weight was lifted off their chests.

"Tell them I might have a way to cure him," Han Cheng said seriously to Eldest Senior Brother.

"Really?" Eldest Senior Brother instinctively asked, then realized he was stating the obvious.

He remembered how the tribe had thought someone was already dying but ended up alive, bouncing around, and even fathered children.

So, without waiting for Han Cheng to confirm again, he began conveying Han Cheng's message to the head of the Fire Tribe.

The others who heard Han Cheng's words also breathed a sigh of relief, transitioning from confusion and anxiety to reassurance tinged with excitement.

After Han Cheng's reminder, they all remembered the divine child's miraculous healing methods. Liang was particularly delighted.

Upon understanding Han Cheng's meaning from Eldest Senior Brother, the head of the Fire Tribe widened his eyes, appearing incredulous.

How could this strange underage leader of an odd tribe possibly have a way to cure the illness that had caused many deaths in their tribe and instilled fear in them?

He wanted to refuse again but then realized that if it turned out to be accurate, it would be a tremendous boon for their tribe.

After some thought, he conveyed to Eldest Senior Brother his agreement for Han Cheng to treat the underage person. However, he didn't allow him to be taken away; instead, he insisted on treating him right there.

Han Cheng furrowed his brow. As the saying goes, "Illness comes like a mountain but goes away like a strand of silk." This child was quite ill. Even if that suspected Chaihu herb was effective, it would take at least two to three days to see any noticeable results.

When they left the tribe, it was the third day of the month, and now eleven days had passed. He had told the shaman when they left that they would return before the end of the month.

However, the return journey was against the current, much slower, and Han Cheng also wanted to cut some bamboo to bring back, which would take up another day.

If they delayed here for another two to three days, they would not return to the tribe by the end of the month.

After thinking about it, Han Cheng had Eldest Senior Brother tell them that he and his group needed to hurry back to the tribe and couldn't afford to delay any longer.

The other party quickly responded, saying they wanted to know how to treat this illness.

Han Cheng couldn't confirm whether the herb was indeed Chaihu. If it wasn't, wouldn't that mean causing harm to this tribe? But if he didn't propose a solution, the tribe wouldn't allow them to take the sick person away. It was a dilemma.

After pondering briefly, Han Cheng said, "As for whether that method can cure him, I'm not sure. We'll come back in autumn. If the method works, we'll let them know."

After understanding Han Cheng's meaning, Eldest Senior Brother conveyed it to the head of the Fire Tribe.

After a while, the other party's response came back.

What is autumn?

Han Cheng and the others from the Green Sparrow Tribe laughed.

Indeed, these people hadn't heard of the Cowherd and Weaver Girl story, didn't have calendars, and never celebrated New Year's, so naturally, they didn't know what autumn meant. It was something unique to their tribe.

Eldest Senior Brother explained the meaning of autumn to the head of the Fire Tribe with a smile.

The head of the Fire Tribe was puzzled, saying it would be much better to say "when the leaves turn yellow and many fruits ripen" rather than this strange word "autumn."

The head of the Fire Tribe agreed to Han Cheng's proposal and allowed the people from the Green Sparrow Tribe to take away this underage person who should have been burned.

The Eldest Senior Brother and the others wanted to carry the sick underage person, but Han Cheng refused. Under his request, two people from the Fire Tribe carried the curled-up underage person, walking with them toward the riverbank.

The rest of the Fire Tribe's people followed behind, wanting to see where this strange tribe came from.

Oars and punting poles hidden in the bushes were found, and the canoe floating on the water was pulled to the shore.

Watching Han Cheng and the others board the canoe, glide into the water, and drift farther upstream, all the people from the Fire Tribe who witnessed this scene widened their eyes.

They had initially thought that Han Cheng and the others had come downstream along the river, but they hadn't expected them to come from the water!

This event had a significant impact on them. When could people start floating on water?

For the next long period, this strange tribe suddenly appeared and then suddenly left, becoming the most popular topic among the Fire Tribe.

Their strange language, attire, weapons, the peculiar rules followed by an underage person, their fearless appearance of illness, and the strange behavior of traveling from the water became topics of discussion.

Of course, when discussing the men of that tribe, the men from the Fire Tribe sometimes chuckled proudly.

When the women of the Fire Tribe gathered to discuss the men they called the “Water Tribe,” they also chuckled for a while, but their expressions were tinged with nostalgia...

I am a Primitive Man

Chapter 279 – Reminiscence of the Women of the Fire Tribe

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Han Cheng wanted to take the underage person away because of what he had discovered yesterday, the suspected Chaihu herb. He originally planned to wait until autumn to confirm whether it was Chaihu by observing its flowering. However, the appearance of this feverish underage person changed his mind.

The best way to determine the effectiveness of a medicine is through clinical trials. This feverish, underage, primitive person would be the perfect test subject. If the medicine worked, he would save a life, and the tribe would gain another person who would become an adult in a few years. Most importantly, obtaining a life-saving remedy would be invaluable for the tribe.

If the medicine didn’t work, the underage person would still have a couple more days to live without the need for the cruel method of burning alive. Moreover, since it would be a stranger who died, there might be some discomfort but not excessive grief.

While this idea might seem cold, reality is often just that cruel. For now, Eldest Senior Brother and the others couldn’t be explained to, so they were unaware.

Han Cheng felt that the Fire Tribe had no reason to refuse him. After all, leaving this underage person here would mean certain death, whereas letting him leave might offer some hope.

That’s how Han Cheng thought, but many times, things don’t go as planned. In his certainty, the head of the Fire Tribe shook his head.

The head of the Fire Tribe was relatively kind and didn’t want to see this tribe, already appearing strange and weak, led to its demise by this underage person.

This illness, something strange to their tribe, was something they had no experience with. Their tribe had suffered painful lessons before...

Seeing the head of the Fire Tribe shake his head, Han Cheng was surprised, but Eldest Senior Brother and the others appeared extremely happy, relieved that a huge weight was lifted off their chests.

“Tell them I might have a way to cure him,” Han Cheng said seriously to Eldest Senior Brother.

“Really?” Eldest Senior Brother instinctively asked, then realized he was stating the obvious.

He remembered how the tribe had thought someone was already dying but ended up alive, bouncing around, and even fathered children.

So, without waiting for Han Cheng to confirm again, he began conveying Han Cheng’s message to the head of the Fire Tribe.

The others who heard Han Cheng’s words also breathed a sigh of relief, transitioning from confusion and anxiety to reassurance tinged with excitement.

After Han Cheng’s reminder, they all remembered the divine child’s miraculous healing methods. Liang was particularly delighted.

Upon understanding Han Cheng’s meaning from Eldest Senior Brother, the head of the Fire Tribe widened his eyes, appearing incredulous.

How could this strange underage leader of an odd tribe possibly have a way to cure the illness that had caused many deaths in their tribe and instilled fear in them?

He wanted to refuse again but then realized that if it turned out to be accurate, it would be a tremendous boon for their tribe.

After some thought, he conveyed to Eldest Senior Brother his agreement for Han Cheng to treat the underage person. However, he didn’t allow him to be taken away; instead, he insisted on treating him right there.

Han Cheng furrowed his brow. As the saying goes, “Illness comes like a mountain but goes away like a strand of silk.” This child was quite ill. Even if that suspected Chaihu herb was effective, it would take at least two to three days to see any noticeable results.

When they left the tribe, it was the third day of the month, and now eleven days had passed. He had told the shaman when they left that they would return before the end of the month.

However, the return journey was against the current, much slower, and Han Cheng also wanted to cut some bamboo to bring back, which would take up another day.

If they delayed here for another two to three days, they would not return to the tribe by the end of the month.

After thinking about it, Han Cheng had Eldest Senior Brother tell them that he and his group needed to hurry back to the tribe and couldn’t afford to delay any longer.

The other party quickly responded, saying they wanted to know how to treat this illness.

Han Cheng couldn't confirm whether the herb was indeed Chaihu. If it wasn't, wouldn't that mean causing harm to this tribe? But if he didn't propose a solution, the tribe wouldn't allow them to take the sick person away. It was a dilemma.

After pondering briefly, Han Cheng said, "As for whether that method can cure him, I'm not sure. We'll come back in autumn. If the method works, we'll let them know."

After understanding Han Cheng's meaning, Eldest Senior Brother conveyed it to the head of the Fire Tribe.

After a while, the other party's response came back.

What is autumn?

Han Cheng and the others from the Green Sparrow Tribe laughed.

Indeed, these people hadn't heard of the Cowherd and Weaver Girl story, didn't have calendars, and never celebrated New Year's, so naturally, they didn't know what autumn meant. It was something unique to their tribe.

Eldest Senior Brother explained the meaning of autumn to the head of the Fire Tribe with a smile.

The head of the Fire Tribe was puzzled, saying it would be much better to say "when the leaves turn yellow and many fruits ripen" rather than this strange word "autumn."

The head of the Fire Tribe agreed to Han Cheng's proposal and allowed the people from the Green Sparrow Tribe to take away this underage person who should have been burned.

The Eldest Senior Brother and the others wanted to carry the sick underage person, but Han Cheng refused. Under his request, two people from the Fire Tribe carried the curled-up underage person, walking with them toward the riverbank.

The rest of the Fire Tribe's people followed behind, wanting to see where this strange tribe came from.

Oars and punting poles hidden in the bushes were found, and the canoe floating on the water was pulled to the shore.

Watching Han Cheng and the others board the canoe, glide into the water, and drift farther upstream, all the people from the Fire Tribe who witnessed this scene widened their eyes.

They had initially thought that Han Cheng and the others had come downstream along the river, but they hadn't expected them to come from the water!

This event had a significant impact on them. When could people start floating on water?

For the next long period, this strange tribe suddenly appeared and then suddenly left, becoming the most popular topic among the Fire Tribe.

Their strange language, attire, weapons, the peculiar rules followed by an underage person, their fearless appearance of illness, and the strange behavior of traveling from the water became topics of discussion.

Of course, when discussing the men of that tribe, the men from the Fire Tribe sometimes chuckled proudly.



When the women of the Fire Tribe gathered to discuss the men they called the "Water Tribe," they also chuckled for a while, but their expressions were tinged with nostalgia...

## Chapter 280

On the canoe where Han Cheng sat, only he and the trembling underage person from the Fire Tribe huddled in a corner of the boat.

The four oars were stored in the boat cabin, and no one was rowing, yet the boat was traveling upstream against the current.

Of course, it wasn't the waves propelling them forward, but rather a rope tied to the front of the boat, with the other end secured to the rear, where Eldest Senior Brother and Shang were rowing together.

This was Han Cheng's idea. It aimed to isolate the underage person and prevent him from contacting the Eldest Senior Brother and the others.

A fire was burning on the small boat.

There was no need to worry about the wooden canoe catching fire because Han Cheng had carefully made a simple stove by knocking a hole in the bottom of an empty clay pot and using stones to insulate the bottom of the pot. This prevented the wooden boat from catching fire.

Smoke rose from the makeshift stove, and another smaller and shorter clay pot on top emitted white vapor.

In the air, there was a bitter taste.

Han Cheng was boiling what seemed to be Chaihu roots inside the pot.

They hadn't reached the location where they discovered the Chaihu roots yesterday, so what was being boiled now were the ones Han Cheng had planted in the pot to bring back to the tribe.

Han Cheng estimated that it was almost time, so he stopped after adding two pieces of firewood to the makeshift stove.

After a while, when the fire was almost out, he picked up two handfuls of dry grass, dipped them in the river water to moisten them, and placed them on the edge of the clay pot. Then, he poured the remaining medicine into a large bowl.

The color was somewhat dark, and it resembled the bowl Pan Jinlian had given Wu Dalang to drink.

After waiting a while with the bowl, Han Cheng touched the outside with his hand and felt it wasn't very hot. He picked it up and walked towards the underage person trembling in a corner.

The underage person was terrified, and when he saw Han Cheng approaching, he immediately shrank into the corner.

Already thin and small, he became even smaller when he shrank into a tight ball.

"Drink it."

Han Cheng tried to make his smile appear more friendly and his voice softer.

However, the child couldn't understand his words and just looked at him in fear, trembling uncontrollably.

Whether it was due to excessive fear or the fever, Han Cheng didn't say much more and brought the bowl to the child's mouth, indicating for him to drink.

Perhaps feeling less scared without the intimidating bonfire, or perhaps realizing that Han Cheng was also an underage person and wouldn't kill him like the adults, or perhaps because he understood Han Cheng's intentions and also because he was hungry.

After Han Cheng held the bowl to his mouth for a while, the child began to open his mouth to drink.

However, after just one sip, he spat it out again, whether because the medicine was too bitter or because he was frightened by the hot water he had never drunk before.

He shook his head, indicating he didn't want to drink anymore. But after waiting for a while and seeing that Han Cheng still hadn't moved the bowl away from his mouth, he drank the water, still trembling with fear, but finally consumed it.

After drinking, he kept licking his lips.

Han Cheng smiled as he watched.

He took out the roots boiled in the pot and spread them to dry on one side of the boat cabin. He scooped water from the river, washed the pot, filled it with water, placed it on the makeshift stove, and added firewood to heat it.

After doing all this, he brought some salted meat and tried to slice it as thinly as possible with a bone knife, putting it in the clay pot to cook.

The underage person curled up in the corner was no longer as terrified as before.

He curled up there, enduring the discomfort of his body, stealing glances at this slightly older but mysterious underage person who seemed to have everything under control.

Seeing him use these things he had never seen before to make water that could be drunk but tasted very bad.

When he saw the piece of meat Han Cheng held in his hand, he had been continuously salivating, even if he wasn't hungry. Meat, this kind of food, had a great allure to him, especially since he hadn't eaten much since he had fallen ill.

He wanted to put that enticing meat into his mouth, but apart from salivating, he didn't dare to show any other signs.

In their tribe, meat was always the food of strong adults. For them, underage people, most of the time, had to satisfy their hunger with grass and seeds.

The smell of cooking meat wafted out; this strange smell drilled into his nose, making him salivate even more, but he didn't dare to hope to eat this delicious food.

It was already good that this person, who didn't seem very fierce and had never been seen before, gave him water that tasted bad just now.

As for the rest, how could he still dare to hope?

But...

The smell was so good...

Under the gaze of the underage person who was still feverish but still thinking about food, Han Cheng poured the cooked, barely considered meat slice porridge into the bowl that he had rinsed after holding the medicine.

The sick underage person's eyes widened instantly. He looked at Han Cheng, who was smiling at him, then at the bowl of fragrant meat slice porridge in front of him, with an incredulous expression.

"Eat."

Han Cheng handed the bowl to the underage person before him, pointed to his mouth, and repeated.

"Eat?"

After a while, a sound came out of the underage person's mouth, which he didn't understand the meaning of.

The hoarse voice was filled with weakness and disbelief.

"Yes, eat!"

Han Cheng nodded vigorously and moved the bowl closer to him.

The desire for delicious food overcame the fear in his heart.

The young primitive man looked timidly at Han Cheng and took a small sip from the bowl.

After taking this sip, he couldn't stop himself. He held the bowl with both hands and ate quickly.

Han Cheng smiled. He had long expected this scene. He deliberately waited until it cooled down before handing it over to him. Otherwise, after this meal, the child's mouth would be burned.

Han Cheng watched the young primitive man eating greedily, with a smile.

This guy, looking at his eating posture, didn't seem like someone with a high fever.

But as long as he could eat, it was good. It indicated that his body was still healthy. Even if he didn't use medicine, as long as he had good food and drink, he could endure for a while.

The people of the Fire Tribe were incompetent. They threw even those who could still run into the fire pit.

Han Cheng watched for a while, then turned around and rewashed the clay pot. After filling it with water, he added firewood to heat it.

This guy's body was too dirty and needed to be washed properly. Paying attention to hygiene was an essential means of preventing disease.

The bright eyes watched the Divine Child's actions on the boat not far ahead.

He wanted to come over and help personally if possible, but the Divine Child disagreed, so he could only watch from there, afraid of missing something.

